

# Rise or Fall

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Summary: An idea based on a forum discussion. It was a yes and no topic, but it is interesting one when you think about it. I'll keep the topic's title out...don't want to spoil anything. R&R if you will.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*\_a/n: I have this over at the site that should be in my profile [don't remember, but haven't worked on it until now. I may work on it some more, but that can always come later whenever I finish it.\_\*\*

\*\*Rise or Fall\*\*

\*\*PROLOGUE\*\*

\*\*1725 Hours, November 6, 2552 (Military Calender) / Entrance to Forerunner structure / New Mombasa\*\*

Behind the spartan was a young private who he found outside of the structure. The private was hiding from a trio of Brutes that killed his squad before the Master Chief arrived, and John fought them off with the marine's help; but barely. Those Brutes were stronger than the ones he faced on High Charity. He didn't know what to make of it so far "possibly another group? Before the two entered the structure, they gathered as much ammo and grenades they could carry from the dead.

John slapped in a fresh clip of ammo for his shotgun, and checked the display on his HUD before strapping the weapon against his back to check his other two weapons; the MA5C assault rifle and his standard issue P6G pistol he strapped around his left thigh.

"Carry what you will need, marine," said the Master Chief. The private nodded silently while he picked up ammo for his SMGs and battle rifle.

John turned around to face the stairs that went into the underground structure, but glanced down as he waited for him. He watched as the marine shakily took away the dog tags of his fallen comrades. He winced, regretting that he showed up late to help them out.

"You don't have to follow me if you don't want to, Private Matthews." He said with a slight hesitation in his voice. "There's an LZ just south-east from here, and it is safely guarded by other marines and ODST."

Private Matthews slowly stood after he dropped the dog tags into a pouch strapped to his belt, and looked up at the spartan. He said, "No, sir." He gripped the battle rifle tightly as he looked down at his dead friends for a moment. "You helped me live, so I should return the favor as long as I can." His eyes fixed on the Spartan's visor. He stood in attention to salute him.

John cocked his head a little as he watched him from the corner of his eye, turned around and returned the salute. He lowered his arm to his side, followed by Matthews. He admired the young marine's courage and persistence to move on even though his squad was annihilated, and wondered if Matthews wanted to follow him into the structure for some sort of atonement from the expression he was reading on the private's face.

"Ready when you are, Chief."

The Master Chief nodded and headed down the ancient steps toward the Forerunner building. As they walked down, he remembered when he was on Installation 04 where he first encountered the Flood because once they were inside, the look was similar to the other.

"Stay alert," barked John quietly. He pointed to the opposite side of the large lift in the center of the room. "Go that way. We'll meet near the controls to the lift."

Matthews nodded. "Understood, sir."

He raised his battle rifle to his shoulder, and walked to the opposite side while the spartan aimed the MA5C, and silently moved around the other side. Once the two confirmed there were no forms of threats, such as camouflaged enemies, they met over by the lift. The marine stepped onto the lift, glanced down, and jumped back a bit.

"What?" The Master Chief looked at him and then down at the clear glass platform. "Oh, don't worry, it's solid."

"Oh..." Matthews trailed off, and slowly walked onto it. "Damn, that freaked me out. Sorry sir."

John couldn't help it, but he found what he said about being freaked out amusing. \_'There are far worse things to be freaked out in these places.' \_He thought.

He stepped near the controls, and pressed on a green symbol illuminating on the clear control panel and heard a click. The lift shuddered up somewhat and then went down the long tunnel where the fighting will continue as he searched for the prophet.

The Master Chief turned his attention to Matthews and said to him, "Once we near the bottom, quickly head over to the side of the lift over to the left of you. There should be a pillar you could take cover behind." On his HUD, he noticed red blobs starting to appear as they approached the end of their ride down.

"What are you going to do?"

"Neutralize the threat below."

Private Matthews smiled as he nodded. Spartan-117 took three steps over to the right, and waved his hand at the marine, who took the signal to move to the far left, and then jumped off when the platform was a foot off the ground. He hid behind the pillar and watched quietly as the Spartan jumped down and headed over to where the enemy was located behind a barrier.

John leveled the assault rifle at chest-level and cautiously approached his multiple targets.

**\*\*CHAPTER ONE\*\***

**\*\*D + 05:57:19 ( SPARTAN-117 Mission Clock) Inside Forerunner structure\*\***

John leveled the assault rifle at chest-level and cautiously approached his multiple targets. Careful to not allow himself to be given away to the enemy, the Spartan inched toward their location, did a quick peek around the corner and moved back against the wall before any of them spotted him. There were four Jackals and three grunts guarding the hatch that led to another section. He imagined whoever was leading them was on the other side, and he would have to make this quick, if not quiet enough so they wouldn't signal to their leader about his presence. He lowered his assault rifle to his side, and with his free hand the Master Chief banged a fist hard a couple of times against the wall. Not a second after, scared yelps from Grunts followed then a harsh demanding tone from one of the Jackals.

The Master Chief glanced over at the marine, raised his arm and clutched his fist as a signal for Matthews to get ready. Private Matthews returned the signal, crouched down, and aimed his battle rifle. A lone Grunt walked out where John stood in a crouching position, and slowly gazed at the Spartan. It let out a short gasp and jumped in surprise. John swiftly grabbed the alien by it's mask, and picked the Grunt up to swing him at the other aliens. The mask snapped apart from its wearer's face and the alien fell into it's squad members as it struggled to breathe. The Spartan took several long steps back away from them, aimed his MA5C, and fired about thirty rounds into the surprised crowd.

A Jackal tried to escape out of the raining automatic fire, but was met with Matthews burst of fire in the process. It staggered back, and then fell once it's shield depleted. He slowly stood and started over to the far end of the room when the Chief finished the rest of the Jackals off with several short bursts, and then silence.

'Damn. Someone on the other side had to have heard the fighting in here.'\_ thought John when he expected some reinforcements to burst

through the hatch.

Matthews approached the Spartan, and paused on the other side of the hatch with his gun at the ready. He looked up at the Spartan, thinking the same thing.

"Stay here." ordered the Master Chief. After a reluctant nod from the marine, he carefully moved through a short ten foot tunnel when the hatch opened. He came into a well-lit room and looked at his motion sensor. Nothing. He moved forward to a group of stairs to the lower section, and found a couple of dead Elites. One was by the stairs that fell face forward with the handle of the energy sword help limply in its hand while the other was over by another door.

What happened? Did other marines fight them? No, they wouldn't be able to take an Elite Ultra down; much less an Elite with a sword. He gradually moved down the steps, knelt by the dead Ultra, and surveyed the body. The wounds weren't from plasma fire but ones created by weapons Brutes used. The fighting between the Brutes and Elites have found its way down on Earth perhaps?

The Spartan opened his Com-channel to the private. "It's all clear, Matthews." He whispered.

"Roger."

Private Matthews entered and paused at the top of the steps when John stood. He asked the Spartan, "What happened to the two split-lips, sir? Friendly fire?"

"I doubt it." He gazed over at the other Elite that was slashed by the blade of a Brute Shot, and then nearly had it's head decapitated as it hung nearly off of it's shoulders. He turned to the curious marine walking down the stairs with a paled expression.

"Oh man," murmured the marine, "I can't stand the sight of blood..." His gloved hand pressed against his stomach as he started to become a bit sick.

The Master Chief pointed his assault rifle back up the stairs at the door. "There's still time to go back to the surface and hide somewhere until I finish my mission."

The marine straightened. "Chief, just because I can't stand the sight of blood, doesn't mean I can't stand shooting these Covenant bastards."

John narrowed his eyebrows, and took a step toward the marine. "Are you sure?" He questioned. Giving him another chance to turn back, but he found Matthews to be a persistent young man.

"Y-yes, sir." The marine replied with a nervous gulp.

"Fine. Reload your weapon, and keep yourself alert at all times as we move further in, Private," The Spartan responded. "Lets get going."

Private Matthews quickly nodded and reloaded his weapon with a fresh clip of ammo, and followed the Master Chief toward the door over by the dead Elite. As they passed by, Matthews uneasily gazed at the

corpse with a pang of fear.

\_'I hope to God that I don't end up like him.'\_ he thought. \_'No way do I want to end up like that. No way!'\_

Just like other Forerunner doors, the hatch sensed him and the marine, slid open, and they moved in single file with caution. The Spartan held his MA5C as they entered into another room, but it was filled with glowing machinery humming at a low volume.

There was a noise at the corner to the right of them, and the two spun on their heels, and aimed at a seriously injured Elite covered in blood. It coughed violently as it weakly held its hand over what was left of its stomach "Half of it was burned from hot plasma fire. Heart racing, the Spartan assessed the injured Sangheili as he kept his weapon trained on the alien.

"Chief," Matthews went up to the Elite, and aimed his BR at the head. "Let me kill him for ya!"

"Stand down, marine." barked the Master Chief.

Matthews stared back at Spartan-117. "But, sir-"

"I said, \_stand-down\_." John repeated with a growl. Without lowering his weapon, he slowly approached the Elite.

The private unwillingly moved back to give the Master Chief some room, and glared at the Elite's glossy eyes.

John crouched a few inches away from the Sangheili, who turned its head to gaze at him.

"De...mon..." it struggled to say. The Elite painstakingly tried to sit up, but failed. "What...do you...want with...me?" He demanded hoarsely.

"I want to know where Truth is in this place." The Spartan said. "Where is he?"

"Truth...?" The Elite clicked its mandibles together quizzically. "He is...below." He growled painfully. "With the others."

"The others?" John asked, "With other Elites or the Brutes?"

"No..." Blood splattered from his mouth as he coughed up another amount of blood. "Not my b-brothers...those damned...beasts are...with him...down below."

John studied the dying Elite as the two became silent. Matthews watched the Spartan and Elite converse with little interest. His finger twitched nervously over the trigger as he fought the urge to shoot the Sangheili dead.

The silence was then cut off by a plea by the Elite. "Kill me..." He looked at John as an equal. "Kill me...demon...then I may join my fallen brothers in peace."

The Master Chief stood up straight while he kept his intent gaze on him. He grabbed for his handgun, aimed it at the alien's unprotected

head with a slight sense of hesitation but fired one shot. The body went limp. He could've sworn the Elite smiled when he ended his life.

Matthews glanced at the Chief. "Never knew you were a type of guy who would do an enemy a favor." He spoke.

"It wasn't a favor." John whispered softly.

The Private slowly nodded, trying to figure out why the Spartan killed him instead of leaving the alien to die slowly. "Oh..." Was the way he was able to respond to the Spartan's answer.

The Master Chief returned the pistol into his thigh holster, and together they continued further into the structure.

\_\*\*a/n: okay, you know what to do. I thrive on feedback...no matter if it's good or bad.\*\*\_

## 2. Chapter 2

\_\*\*A/N: short chapter, I know, but I like to do that before I write a longer one. The next chapter will be longer, I promise.\*\*\_

### \*\*CHAPTER TWO\*\*

Two gold armoured Brutes were dragging an injured white-armoured Elite, named Llau 'Medomee, down a long flight of stairs toward where more Brutes, including a Brute Chieftain, were standing in a circular room. The Chieftain, who was named Cerberus chuckled in amusement as he watched the guards drop the Sangheili down to his knees in front of him. For a moment, the elite never looked up, and not even when he felt the end of the Carbine press against the side of his forehead at the temple.

"I'm amazed that you survived their beating, Sangheili," said Cerberus. "More amazed that you didn't run and hide like an Unngoy when you realized your squad's lives were ending."

Llau stared at the floor, watching his blood from a gash along his chest drip a small puddle beneath him. If he hadn't backed off in time, the blade of the Brute Shot would've killed him.

"Cerberus," he whispered. "You murdered my comrades behind my back." He narrowed his green eyes. "I will never forgive you. Even in death."

"The Prophets decided the Sangheili are no longer the ideal guards of them and the Covenant," mentioned the Chieftain, "Many of the Covenant have died because of this demon, and no progress has been made to kill him; thus Truth has ordered us to kill all of you and those who follow in your footsteps."

Llau clenched his fingers into tight fists. If only he was still armed with his energy sword, he would kill him before Cerberus and the other Brutes were able to blink. He said nothing to the betraying beasts, while he tried to understand what was happening.

"Silent, are we?" asked Cerberus. Smiling, he glanced at another

Brute. "Are you ready to die then?"

"Unlike you, I am always ready to die," replied the Sangheili calmly while ignoring the pain in his broken mandibles. He gradually raised his head to look up at him. "I'd also rather you kill me with my head held high." He paused, smirking almost. "You, your whole vile race, and the prophets can go and rot in the deep abyss of hell."

Cerberus laughed. "You first."

The Brute with the Carbine pulled the trigger and smiled as the body went limp when the weapon shot through the Sangheili's helmet and flesh.

Behind them, a hatch slid up into the ceiling to reveal one of their brothers standing in the doorway. He walked along a walkway surrounded by water toward them. He went to a knee and bowed at Cerberus.

"Chieftain," he said, "The Prophet of Truth is now ready with his preparations. All of us may enter the control room of our lords so Truth can deliver a speech to us before he activates the Ark." He rose and waited until Cerberus ordered all of them to go into the control room.

One at a time, they entered the room, but Cerberus stopped one with a hand on his shoulder, and waited until the rest were out of hearing range. He turned to him.

"Go back up and patrol the corridors," Cerberus ordered. "If there's any survivors, kill them."

The Brute nodded. "With pleasure." He turned and started up the steps.

"And Kurotus," he added. Kurotus stopped on the fifth step to look back. "If you see the demon, return to the control room. I want to see why everyone fears him." While adding, "Repeat my order to the others up there when you see them."

"Yes, Chieftain." He nodded, and continued up the stairs.

Cerberus smirked, baring his teeth and headed into the control room where Truth was waiting to give his speech.

A lone grunt named Nipnap easily played dead in a pile of dead corpses of several other Ungoy and a couple of Sangheili who were assassinated by a couple of Brutes on their way down toward the control room. They've missed him, but since he was covered in blood that wasn't his own and kept still, they thought he was dead.

\_'They dumb beasts. Nipnap smarter than them.'\_ thought Nipnap as he struggled to push the bodies off of him when he didn't see anyone around. He snickered quietly, abruptly stopped, and waited to see if he could hear anything coming.

Sighing with relief that he was still out of danger, he used the body of one of the fallen Elite as a form of support while he pushed himself up. \_'Stupid thing on back.'\_ Looking around, he found a plasma pistol on the ground and picked it up.

\_ 'Good.' \_ He thought again when he checked the ammo on the gun, which was barely empty. Once more, he looked right down the corridor and then down the left side of him as far as he could see. Satisfied, he scurried down quietly to the right where he last saw 'Medomee, another Elite, and the rest of the Brutes escort the prophet down.

"Must see if Llau and other Sangheili is safe." He whispered breathlessly, and activated his active camouflage and proceeded to walk ever so slowly down the Forerunner corridor. He kept hidden in the shadows when he could to avoid detection better when a couple of Brutes with bored expressions walked past him. He watched them for a moment as they discussed Cerberus's orders they were told by the second-in-command, which was Kurotus. Nipnap then continued on down until he reached a corner that was connected to another corridor.

He peeked around the corner, and watched as Kurotus fired randomly at a dead Sangheili, which was the one that was with 'Medomee at the time. Where was the squad leader? Llau 'Medomee was a strong warrior, and the Unngoy knew nothing would've happened to him, and wondered if he was fighting in the room behind the closed hatch near the Brute. Now, all he needed to do was to get passed Kurotus, but how?

\_\*\*To be continued...\*\*\_

### 3. Chapter 3

#### \*\*CHAPTER THREE\*\*

John and Matthews quietly, yet swiftly moved down the underground passageway that was created by the Forerunners so long ago. No one seemed to step foot in this massive site; let alone find out about it, which was located miles beneath the African Continent. Together, the Master Chief and the marine fought their way through hordes of Covenant to get to Truth. A lot of the Covenant fleet were guarding the Forerunner site in small groups of four or more, spread out from each other every tunnel they walked into, and were getting bigger and tougher by the minute.

The Spartan slammed another full clip of ammo into his Assault Rifle, and checked to see how many extra clips he had until he would need to scavenge for any Covenant weapons lying around after killing them. He checked to see how many Private Matthews had before they arrived at the end of the tunnel were it went off in two other directions. Halting to a stop, the Chief peered carefully around a corner, finding nothing before walking over to the other corner to see what was down that end. He looked, and quickly removed himself from view of the enemy's eyes. He pressed his back against the wall, and paused there for a few moments as he thought up a plan.

"What's down there, Chief?" whispered the marine quietly.

"Six Jackals, and two are armed with snipers while the rest are armed with a shield and a plasma pistols," he explained quietly through his helmets speakers. "And Brutes."

"Damn," murmured Matthews, "I don't think we should fight them and find another way down to the control room."

John looked at him, and rested a hand on the man's shoulder. He could feel the marine tremble, and knew he was afraid. So was he, to be honest.

He tightened his grip around his rifle, wondering who he should take out without endangering himself and the marine. If they were to take out the Jackals, all six of them of what he counted, the Brutes would surely be a problem. Now, if they were to take out the three Brutes, the Jackals won't be much of a problem, but they were still dangerous with those Plasma Pistols and Particle Beam Rifles. Out of the three Brutes, one of them was a high-ranked one. He will definitely be a major pain in the ass.

There was a darkened area right across from him, and he could use that as an advantage while he shot the two Brutes with no helmets protecting their heads as Matthews works on the Jackals where they were standing at the moment. John would have plenty of time to ready himself when the last Brute goes berserk after he would kill his friends. One or two quick bursts of the weapon in their ugly heads, and then enough for the armoured Brute before switching over to his P6G pistol to avoid re-filling the AR with a fresh clip, or fight him when it would attack him hand-to-hand.

He switched to his radio and spoke to the marine. "I'm going to the corner across from here," he ordered, "Stay here and fire at the Jackals once I fire at the Brutes." The Private nodded silently in understanding.

SPARTAN-117 stepped away from the wall, held his Assault Rifle to his chest as he jumped toward the shadowy area and rolled across the floor, his armoured-suit made a short clang before he came up to a crouching position. He kept still as the Jackals looked over when they heard the noise, and searched for the source. He held his breath, watching as their bird-like heads twitched from side-to-side, chattering to each other in their own language while the Brutes were apparently unaware to what was going on.

When the group of Jackals finally gazed somewhere else, John gradually let out the breath he held, and peered through the down the site of his AR as he aimed at one of the Brutes. The Brute stood with the other two, not talking or anything while they guarded the area halfway down the tunnel. Upon closer examination, he noticed another hallway at the end, and wondered if it would finally lead to the Ark.

Without looking at the marine, he raised a hand, and then pointed down at their targets to tell him to fire in several seconds. He kept his index finger around the trigger, making sure his aim was steady, and then pulled it down to fire the bullets.

The force of the bullets threw back the beast's head, blood trickled from the wounds as the Brute dropped down with a loud cry of pain before dying.

The other two Brutes and the group of Jackals started to fire at him when they heard the sound of his rifle, but Matthews fired at the jackals to keep them busy. The Master Chief fired back, but at the other Brute's face, and the creature staggered back as the bullets made contact. Blood sprayed out as he fell onto the ground as the

last shots of plasma were triggered; hitting the commanding Brute accidentally.

The Spartan's shields flickered lower and lower as the plasma from the Jackal's pistols struck him even though he was trying to avoid it; there were about six of them so how could he when there were no places to take any cover other than the corner? A couple of Jackals were taken out by the marine, which were the snipers, but the ones with the shields were harder to kill. The grenades from the Brute Shot were exploding around him while they bounced off the flat surface of the walls.

The remaining Brute realized his two comrades were dead, and he dropped the weapon as known when encountering these creatures from before.

"Bastard!" yelled the Brute. He stood, shoulders dropped as he growled in anger before charging for the attacker.

The Master Chief quickly moved down the corridor while he fired the remaining bullets in the rifle then dropped it to the side. He fired the fresh bullets from his handgun, shooting off the Brute's helmet. He didn't have enough time to fire another three bursts into its unprotected head when it blindly advanced with quick speed at him.

John had other problems. His energy shield was depleted and the warning system sounded constantly in his HUD. Somehow, the Chief had to take cover, and would only need a few seconds for his shields to regenerate. He side-stepped into the wall just when the Brute ran into him. The Master Chief winced when he felt the creature's broad shoulder hit him in his side when he did, and stood with his back against the wall; pressing his hand to his side. He watched the Brute stand at the corner of the hallway for a moment; while at the same time viewed the shields indicator in his HUD display gradually starting to restore.

Private Matthews kept still as he crouched low to the floor, his eyes wide in horror as he hoped to God that the alien didn't see him. Much to his surprise, the Brute turned to the Chief and laughed.

"I will kill you demon with my bare hands," he growled.

The Spartan stood up straight, ignoring the sharp pain in his side, but held a stern smile beneath his helmet. His shields were back, and if the Brute wanted to fight hand-to-hand, then he will get it. John was aware though of their incredible endurance and strength, but these beasts were far different than the ones he encountered on High Charity.

The brute let out a loud warning growl when he saw the remaining Jackals approach them. "Go back to your posts," he ordered. "I don't need any help."

John soon brought his tight fists up and stood in a fighting stance, silently waiting for the creature to attack him. The Brute laughed in amusement, but said nothing as he rapidly started toward him. John blocked the beast's strike to the head with his right, holding onto the large hairy wrist, and countered the Brute with two swift punches to the face. He stepped back, still holding the wrist as he grabbed

with his other hand around it and sent the Covenant creature flying into the wall, cracking it behind him before it fell to the floor.

That didn't stop him when he immediately stood up and returned to the awaiting Spartan. The Brute rushed him, and the Master Chief caught the crazed beast with a sharp elbow to the jaw, sending him back with a painful growl. It spit out a broken tooth with blood, that was it. They really were strong aliens because that would've broke an Elite and a human's jawbone. It came to no surprise when the enemy shook off the pain as if it were nothing, and went at him again in a blind rage.

Next, the two combatants started battling relentlessly once again in the tunnel while the Jackals looked on curiously and the marine silently cheered the Spartan on. John's muscles tensed beneath his MJOLNIR battle armour, and his adrenaline pumped rapidly through his veins. His speed was quicker than the Brute's but the Brute's strength made up where its speed lacked. As the beast swung both arms, the Chief blocked every one of them, landing a hard counterstrike in return.

The Chief struck the creature's mouth and chin with pounding blows, breaking more of its sharp teeth. He also hammered the side of the Brute's exposed ribcage where he wasn't protected by the armour, and the side of the head. Bones were starting to crack on each impact, and everything looked like the fight with the Brute was going well. But on the verge of loosing, the beast snarled with rage, and suddenly attacked him with a formidable force.

The Brute wrapped its arms around John's waist as it lifted him off of the ground and tackled him into the wall; bringing his shields halfway down and cracking the wall behind him. Just like the Master Chief did when he threw the Covenant into the wall on the opposite side. John gritted his teeth when it smashed him into the wall again, and that brought the shields down to about twenty-five percent and the warning alarm went off once more. John started hammering the Brute's back, neck and skull with elbows and fists to free himself, which worked after many tries.

Spartan-117 then watched as it snapped it's head up, and opened its mouth to let out a loud angry growl; while staring at itself in the reflected visor of the super soldier's helmet. Quickly, the Master Chief pulled out a combat knife he had strapped around his other thigh, and stabbed the sharp blade into one of the Brute's eye and twisted it from right to left. The Brute let out a horrible howl of agony as it felt the weapon pierce through its eye and brain, and then let go of the human as it skittered back three times with the Spartan still holding onto the knife.

He followed the enemy down, and knelt beside the beast, and waited for a while before taking out the blade from the eye socket of the dying Brute. Blood quickly oozed out of the wound, and the hairy creature laid there motionlessly, but its limbs twitched every now and then. By this time, the remaining Jackals fled the scene before they were next. After making sure several times that the Brute was actually dead, the Master Chief stood up and shook the blood off of the knife before returning it in the leather sheath. Matthews gradually stood up and approached the other human while he gaped at the dead Brute.

"Whoa...!" he murmured in astonishment. "Wish I could do that. Makes me want to become a Spartan." He looked up at John and asked, "You think I'll like it?"

John faced him. "You won't," he said quietly before walking over to his Assault Rifle to put in a new clip into the receiver, and headed down the wall. The marine followed in wonder as they walked over to the end of the corridor and looked around the corner to see where those other Jackals were, and spotted them. The group of Jackals were looking up his way, and by the way they were standing nervously around , they knew they were in for it.

He spotted where the dead Jackals that were using the sniper rifles were and went to retrieve one of them. He walked out into their view with the rifle raised at shoulder-level. John pulled the trigger once he had a clear shot on one. When the first Jackal dropped dead, the others tucked further behind their shields. He smirked.

Nipnap carefully continued down, and heard a gun battle finish ending near his location. He hurried over, paused and slowly peeked around the corner. Enjoying his active camouflage, he spotted the dead Jackal that was sniped in the head moments before he arrived. At first, he was overjoyed by the fact that a stupid Jackal was killed, but when he looked down further, he noticed a couple of shadowy figures. He couldn't tell who or what they were, but the bigger one sniped the last Jackals with such skill. Other Sangheili? He thought, but when he started to move down the corridor Matthews and John were in, the corridor leading to the Ark across from him echoed a growl from a low ranking Brute. He froze, thinking he was spotted by the beast, and momentarily forgetting his camouflage was still on to not worry about being spotted. He quickly turned when the Brute stood behind him, held in a yelp, and stared fearfully at the tall furry alien that would kill him in seconds.

The Brute stared down the corridor, looking at the dead bodies of his fallen brothers, and then at the Jackals. He raised his Brute Shot, and aimed it at the Chief and the marine, but Nipnap thought the Brute was aiming at him.

"Die!" shouted Nipnap, getting the alien's attention.

"What?!" roared the angry Brute when he looked down and noticed the oddly distorted shape near the wall. He growled.

Nipnap fired once with his plasma pistol at the same time as the Spartan down the corridor sniped an exposed part in the Brute's head. The Brute dropped down to the ground with a hole going right through its skull.

The Unngoy stared at the dead Brute, and then down at his pistol in amazement. He suddenly felt proud, and looked down at the two figures approaching him, and realized they weren't Sangheili, but humans instead. He noticed the Demon coming out of the shadows. His pride of thinking he killed a Brute with one plasma bolt fell as quickly as it arrived, and was quickly taken over with fear.

Nipnap jumped, barked in horror, flung his arms, and raced down the corridor toward the hatch that led toward the Ark, and where he thought 'Medomee would be.

"Did you see that?" asked Matthews.

"Yeah, I did. " answered the Spartan calmly as they headed down the corridor quickly. He looked around, and heard the hatch closer by close, and glanced toward his left. He pointed toward that direction. "That way."

"You sure?"

"I'm sure, Private."

"I certainly hope so." Thought the marine out loud as he followed him into the hatch, which led them into another corridor that spread into four more corridors..

John paused suddenly after walking down a yard from the hatch. Matthews was paying too much attention behind them, thinking the worst, that he bumped into the Chief. In his HUD, John glanced up at his shield indicator when he heard it sound when something depletes it a little. He frowned a little, but said nothing when he raised his free hand silently while holding his AR in the other. The Chief glanced down all four hallways, wondering where each of them went, and what was beyond them, as well as the number of enemy they will be facing.

He sighed and said, "Check out the first two tunnels, while I check out the rest," he ordered, "If you see Truth and that he's surrounded by guards. Evade and tell me you found the control room and I'll hurry over to you."

"Y-yes, sir," replied Matthews. "But..." He gazed straight ahead, nearly petrified as he watched the two large figures slowly move toward them.

John noticed the two large blobs on his threat indicator, and quickly aimed his weapon where the private was staring at.

Hunters. SPARTAN-117 cursed under his breath, and gradually backed up toward the hatch. "Go back through the hatch." he said through clenched teeth.

Private Matthews barely budged.

"Matthews! Move your ass!" repeated John. This time more desperately.

The narrow hallway was big enough for two Hunters to walk side-by-side, but there weren't anywhere to take cover from their fuel rod cannons, shields, and deadly spines. It was a death trap just waiting to happen, and they had to get out into a wider area, such as a large enough room.

Matthews turned around and ran back, and the Master Chief cautiously backed up, and did a back roll into the hatch when one of the Hunters triggered the large green stream of energy that would knock his shields down to zero. The hatch opened as he landed, and finished the roll with a crouching position. When the hatch closed, the area trembled when another blast shot where he was seconds ago.

"Hurry." John urged and they went down the other corridor that was to his right when he was looking for the camouflaged figure.

The hatch parted again, and the bond brothers walked out one at a time, and looked down the hallway as the two humans moved away from them. The other hatch they were headed to open, and a Brute appeared with a surprised look.

"Huh?" It quickly aimed it's plasma rifle gun at either of them, but John was quicker and filled the alien with nearly a full clip of his ammo of his AR into its chest. It staggered over and fell into the wall, and Kurotus saw it.

Kurotus turned to another Brute by him. "Go tell Cerberus. Now!" He demanded. "The Demon is here." He smiled.

End  
file.